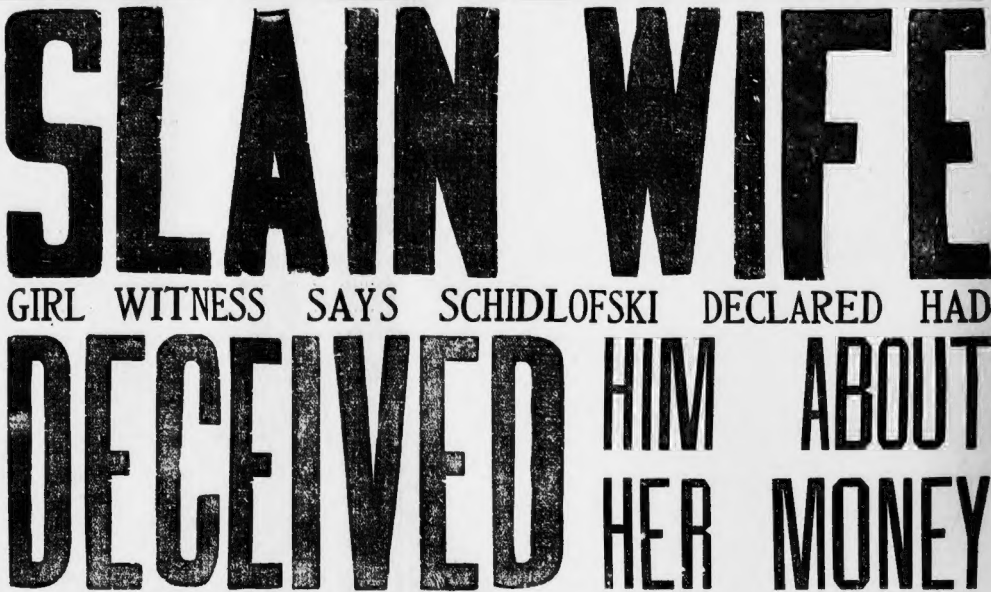
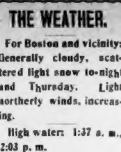




Bridesmaid at His Wedding Tells of Conversation in Which He Denounced Woman for Alleged Deception—Man to Tell His Own Story.

LONGWORTHS ARE TO VISIT KING EDWARD
LONDON, March 14.—The Chronicle says that Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, who they visit London in June, will make a stay at Buckingam palace as the guests of King Edward. They will visit the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and Ambassador and Mrs. Reid. They have accepted an invitation from the society of American women in London to a luncheon.

Continued on Page 2, Column 1.

The bank has been prosperous, showing earnings for the period between January 11, 1905, and January 23, 1906, of 10 per cent on its stock.

Continued on Page 2, Column 2.

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Continued on Page 2, Column 1.



HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST
80 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, MARCH 14, 1908

Greatest Woolen
Mill in the World

It Means Wonderful Industrial Achievement.
But What Does It Mean to Human Happiness?

Six thousand people will work in this mill. Engines of ten thousand horsepower will move the machinery.

Newspapers and the unthinking public are very proud of this mill, the power of millions that it represents. The thought of the day is upon great buildings, wonderful machinery, busy looms.

HOW LITTLE THOUGHT DWELLS UPON THE SIX THOUSAND HUMAN BEINGS THAT ARE PART OF THE MACHINERY IN THAT MILL!

What is for them the meaning of this great industrial achievement? Will they, in their old age, go from honest, reasonable, well-paid hours of work in the mill to a comfortable old age, PROVIDED AGAINST WORRY?

Will the men and women working in the mill have money enough to keep their children OUT OF THE MILL and in school?

Will it be unnecessary for the women to work during the months when they are engaged in the important, sacred work of creating new beings or caring for young children?

DOES THIS MILL MEAN HAPPINESS, COMFORT, PEACE OF MIND FOR THE SIX THOUSAND HUMAN BEINGS WHO ALONE CAN MAKE THE MILL PROFITABLE?

No, unfortunately, there is no such meaning in a great mill to-day, in America or elsewhere.

The mind made powerful by possession of that capital WHICH MEANS THREE AND A HALF MILLION DAYS OF HUMAN LABOR, EACH REPRESENTED BY A DOLLAR, constructs the mill and BUYS the expensive machinery of metal.

Then money hires six thousand of those cheap machines called human beings.

To the metal machines these machines of flesh and blood will be fastened by that unbreakable chain whose links are NECESSITY AND WANT.

The most intelligent experts will be paid well to look after the health OF THE MACHINES OF METAL. Nobody will pay any attention to the machines of flesh and blood working at the looms. These flesh and blood machines reproduce their kind in greater numbers than the demand justifies. The broken down loom must be replaced by a very expensive machine and an investment of capital. THE BROKEN DOWN WOMAN OR CHILD OR MAN IS REPLACED WITHOUT COST.

Out of that mill there will come for one man, or a few men, prosperity beyond their need; there will come for the second generation wasted life.

For the six thousand human machines working in the mill there will be only long hours, hard work, worry as to the future—AND WORRY IS THE GREATEST SUFFERING.

When industry suffers from depression THE SIX THOUSAND HUMAN MACHINES MUST SUFFER.

While business is good the six thousand mill hands get for their share just as much as will keep them alive and able to work next day.

WHEN BUSINESS IS BAD THE OWNER LOSES DIVIDENDS; THE WORKER LOSES WORK, FOOD, HEALTH, HOPE.

The building of that great mill, with its machinery capable of such wonderful work, IS a marvelous achievement of human genius. It DOES mean a great step toward civilization. BUT IT MEANS THAT CIVILIZATION IS NOT YET HERE. Men have created metal slaves, and to these machine slaves they fasten human slaves—a mere part of the mechanical slavery.

In years to come you will read a different account of the building of a great mill.

You will read of a splendidly built, ventilated and ornamented INDUSTRIAL PALACE, in which six thousand, or twenty thousand, human beings will work together happily, OWNING MACHINES THAT SERVE THEM, INSTEAD OF BEING SLAVES FASTENED TO MACHINES.

We will see in such a great mill thousands of human beings happy at congenial tasks. Happy because THEY ARE INDEPENDENT HUMAN BEINGS. Happy because they control their own lives and destinies.

In years to come the building of a factory, the beginning of any great enterprise calling for human patience, skill and industry, will have a different meaning from the meaning of to-day. A new mill will mean new crowds of happy men and women, new crowds of children, well cared for and well educated by the combined will and power of the metal machine and the human brain directing it.

This is no dream—no Utopian prediction. It is not conceivable that the Eternal Wisdom which has given a thinking brain to every human being will forever allow the few to exploit the many.

We do not foresee a day when all human beings will be equal. That day will never come.

When Lincoln was maintaining the right of every human being to his own labor Judge Douglas thought to embarrass him by accusing him of believing in and advocating negro EQUALITY. Lincoln replied to this charge as follows:

"I am happy to confess before you that in some things the black man is the equal of the white man. In the right to eat the bread his own hands have earned he is the equal of Judge Douglas or any other living man."

Will those human machines in the great woolen mill in Massachusetts be allowed "to eat the bread their own hand hath earned?"

No. They will be allowed to take for themselves only as much as will keep them working.

But the time WILL come when the intelligence and the conscience of humanity will say OF ALL MEN, as Lincoln said of the black man, that they have "the right to eat the bread that their own hands have earned."

The time will come when the possession of capital—which means only frozen accumulated labor—will not by any means give one man the right to exploit for life the vitality, strength, POVERTY AND NECESSITY of the poorer man, his equal.

There will always be special REWARDS for special ABILITY. There will always be very rich men in this world—at least until the time when men shall despise superfluous riches as they now despise the right to kill or to have a thousand wives.

Men will always be different. Nature abhors uniformity.

But men in days to come will be alike in this: Each will control himself, each will have a right TO WHAT HE PRODUCES, and each will be happy to the extent of his intellectual possibilities.

At South Lawrence, Mass., the American Woolen Company is building the greatest mill in the world. This one mill is 1,900 feet, more than a third of a mile, in length. It is 150 feet wide, six stories in height, AND WILL COST \$3,500,000.

AT OUR NATIONAL AUTO SHOW

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ONE OF THE PROMINENT EXHIBITS

IN BUGVILLE

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WORM—I wonder if any of those other worlds are inhabited?



OWNER—Say, Mr. Worm, you haven't built this house according to my plans of it!



BUG—Great Scott! If they don't serve dinner pretty soon I'll leave this horrible house.



FATTY BUG—Gosh! I'll bet those plates are broken. They don't seem to make a bit.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The Island of
Endless Play

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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S AID Willie to Tom, "Let us lie away To the wonderful Island of Endless Play. It lies off the border of No School Land, And abounds with pleasures, I understand.

There boys go swimming whenever they please In a lovely river right under the trees.

And marbles are free—no one has to buy— And kites of all sizes are ready to fly.

We sail down the isthmus of Idle Delight. We sail and we sail for a day and a night.

And then if favored by fiddles and lutes, We land in the harbor of Do-as-You-Please.

And there lies the Island of Endless Play, With no one to say to us next or say.

Books are not known in that land so fair; Teachers are stoned if they set foot there.

Hurray for the island so glad and free— That is the country for you and me."

So away went Willie and Tom together On a pleasure boat in the jazy weather.

And they sailed in the cress of a friendly breeze Right into the harbor of Do-as-You-Please.

Where boys and girls and mothers and fathers Were waiting them there in this lot of delights.

They dined on the Island of Endless Play For five long years; then, one sad day,

A strange, dark ship sailed up to the strand, And, "Ho, for the voyage to Stupid Land!"

The captain cried, with a terrible noise, As he asked the frightened and struggling boys,

And off and away sailed the captain bold.

They vainly begged him to let them out; He answered only with scoff and shout:

"How that don't study or work," said he, "After sail you go down the Ignorant Sea To Stupid Land, by the No-Think Strait, With Captain Time on the Pitiless Fate."

Then he let out the sails and away went the three Over the waters of Ignorant Sea,

Out and away to Stupid Land, And they live there yet, I understand.

And there's where everyone goes, they say, Who seeks the Island of Endless Play.

Remarks

By the Rev. Charles A. Crane

THE ROSE who smite at Senator Hale's has already several political features. For that our army may invade yet we have admirable government. China without a declaration of I, too, am not a very good socialist. war and without Congress having any yet cannot help being reminded by the gentleman's argument of the Irishman who after sleeping all night on a roof discovered that he had been lying on a feather. "Bedad," he exclaimed, "my feather is so hard, what was a whole feather bed?"

The fact that the United States shipped 750,000,000 cigarettes to China last year has not yet been connected with the Chinese boycott.

The return of Handy Andy Hamilton is explainable by the laws of his being. There is still a little property in this country belonging to others.

Little Editorials from the People

WANTS TO AID TICKET. Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:—

Choosing a petition here to the Governor and council asking for the committee of Turkey's sentence, I find such a universal belief in its innocence, and such a cordial desire to do something for him, I am led to offer you a suggestion.

A few months ago I was in France because amount to much, but at a time you considered proper, you were to print each day in your paper a number of property worked coupons for your readers to sign and mail to you, or hand to their newspapers, and collected by your agents, the results would be great, and in your hands become a great power for Turkey's benefit. I am a native of France, and you can do at this time that will so really meet with regular response and approval.

BERTRAM SPABHAWK Box 602, LYON, Mass.

AN ANCHOR OF HOPE. W. H. HEARST, Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:—

There have in all ages of the world history been men who have stood aloof for the cause of right against wrong. I believe your editorial to be, for the always breathe of good—good for fallen, the down-trodden, the oppressed. Your utterances through your paper have been the life preservers to many a storm-tossed mariner on the sea of human life, the olive-branch to the rain of evil, the life-line to the dark time of confusion.

FRANK WILLIAMS

NOW WHAT D'YE THINK OF THAT?

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she married the Count Brondin as wife. Who honored gold and his emeralds!



And sent to live in a French chateau. With this rascal, really vague. Neigh ho!



she was but a flower, a beehive's slave. Little she took and much she gave.



she gave him gold for his father's sin. A yacht, a winter at Nice—and tris.